Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so doe you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. VVho is't that calls? it is my Lady mother?
Is she not downe so Late or vp so early?
VVhat vnaccustomd cause procures her either?
La. VVhy how now *Iuliet.*
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
VVhat wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse,
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
VVhich you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
La. VVell girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughtered him.
Iu. VVhat villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine *Romeo.*
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

La. That

La. That is becaus
Iu. I Madam from th
Would none but I might
La. We will haue ven
Then weepe no more, I
Where that same banish
Shall giue him such an v
That he shall soone kee
And then I hope thou w
Iu. Indeede I neuer sh
With *Romeo*, till I behol
Is my poore heart so for
Madam if you could find
To beare a poyson, I wo
That *Romeo* should vpon
Soone sleepe in quiet. O
To heare him namde an
To wreake the loue I bor
Vpon his body that hath
Mo. Find thou the me
But now ile tell thee ioyf
Iu. And ioy comes we
What are they, beseech y
M. VVell, well, thou
One who to put thee fro
Hath sorted out a sudden
That thou expects not, n
Iu. Madam in happy t
M. Marry my child, e
The gallant, young, and N
The Countie *Paris* at Sain
Shall happly make thee t
Iu. Now by Saint *Peter*
He shall not make me the
I wonder at this hast, that
Ere he that should be husb

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